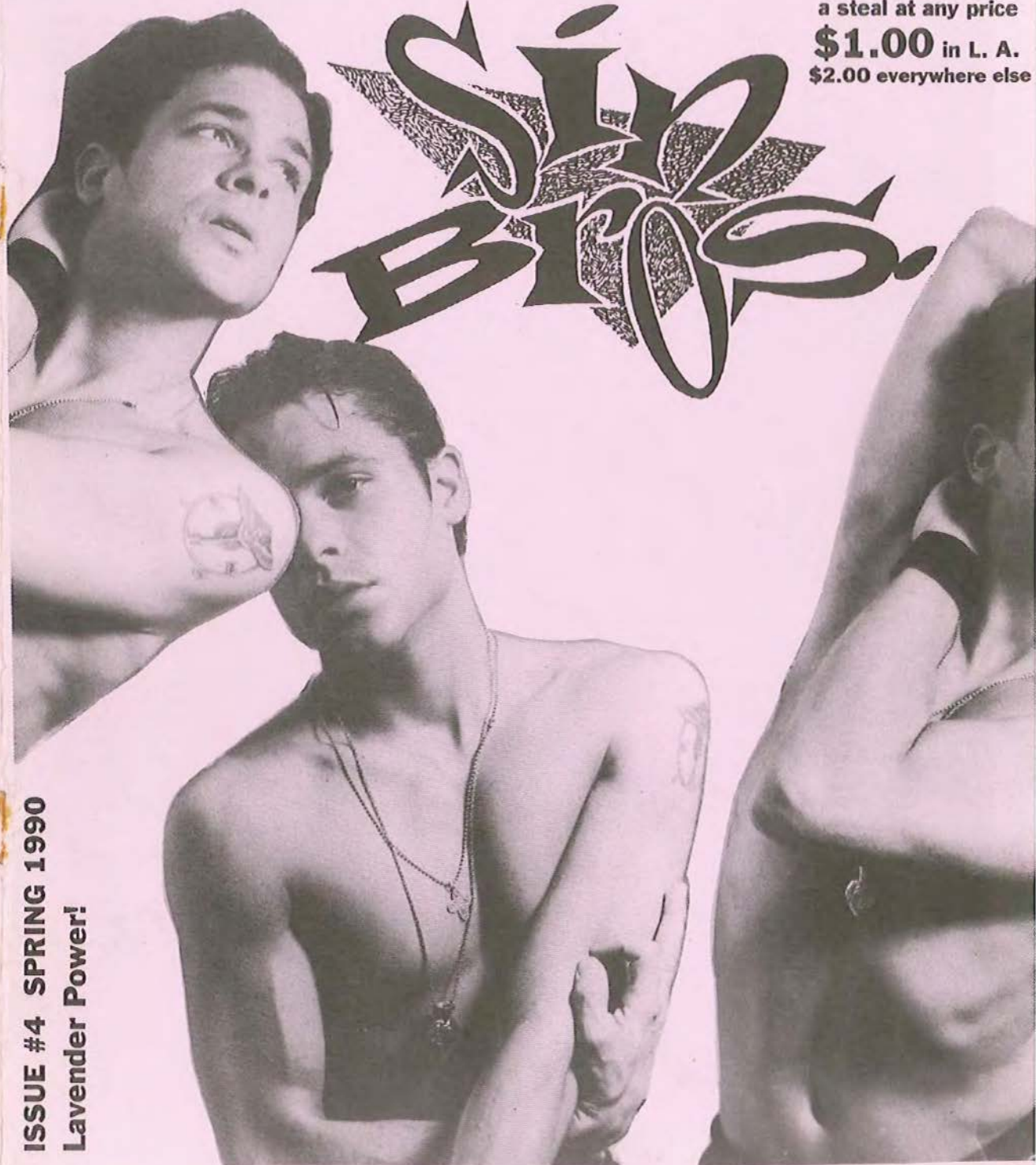


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SIN BROS.

ISSUE #4 SPRING 1990
Lavender Power!



Sincerely,

D. Rex Tor

Yeah, it's a dollar. Big deal! Surely you've spent a lot more in the past few months on inexpensive entertainment: dropping quarters into those video booths at sex parlors, a shot of Schnapps, a Bud on tap, a couple condoms for Saturday night, etc. But this is no hollow joy, no quickie thrill. **SIN BROS.** will bring you hours, possibly years, of pleasure. Chuckle at the witty writing, experience pangs of recognition while reading *My Life as a Celebutante*, have your loins stirred by the scintillating photos, marvel at the clever ads and the bigger-is-better format. It's all here.

What an odd few months this has been for our kind. Our fave rebel filmmaker John Waters' latest *Cry Baby* comes out and it's way stinko. And now, horror of horrors, the tabloids say Richard Chamberlain, John Travolta and even Kristy MacNichol are gay. Lest we forget the "Cagney and Loony" incident as reported in *Star* magazine, a deranged fan breaks into lesbian icon Sharon Gless' home and vows to make love to her and blow her own brains out. Yikes.

Our club Sit and Spin is back and better than ever. We had to move from the previous location because of a slight liquor license/dance permit problem (not our fault, we are well-behaved fellows.) Sit and Spin is now every Tuesday at the muey fabuloso Las Estrellas Nightclub located at 5903 Hollywood Blvd. See our ad elsewhere in this issue.

With this issue we welcome two fab new regular contributors: Dirk Festive and Velveeta Fondue. They will only add to the prestigious **SIN BROS.** empire which is now reaching San Francisco, New York and even Orange County.



On The Cover

Theramin instructor and featured go-go guy at Sit and Spin, Darby Harbor graces the cover of our Spring issue. Darby's favorite color is wine and he enjoys a juicy, tart pomegranate now and again. Lip-smacking!

SIN BROS. For you and your kind.

Editor/Publisher/Icon: D. Rex Tor

Associate Associates: Lois Profile and Zack Rota

Arts n' Crafts: Steven Edie

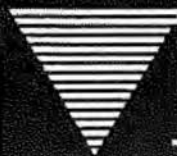
Verbal Abuse: Enrique Marie Presley, Blaze Pascal, Velveeta Fondue, Dirk Festive, Les Feliz, Sylvia Screen and Big Lennie Sloser.

Photography: Rick Castro

Videogames



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VIDEOACTIVE

love
A

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



2-23-90

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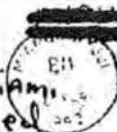
'SIN BROS.' IS FABULOUS,
& THE ADVENTURES OF ENRIQUE
MARIE PRESLEY - ASTONISHING

ORANGE COUNTY FOLLOWING
IS GROWING - IS THERE
AN EASIER WAY TO
SUBSCRIBE?

ENCLOSED \$ FOR MARCH
ISSUE

Heads.

ALL of us in Miami
Beach ARE thrilled
with your family-
style publication.
My copy of S.B. #3
has been through
50 sweaty hands
already. Enrique
Marie Presley you
ARE the light at the
end of the tunnel
of literary despair.
The best always,
Tomato du Plenty



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OCTOBER 15
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Dear Savior:

Thank you ever so for the lovely time at Sit and Spin, I have a
feeling its going to really take off.

Your latest issue of Sin Bros is extrod! You have to start
charging more for it than a \$1.00. Its worth its weight in gold.
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But don't get more popular than Fertile, or she'll pull your hair
from the roots. HAHAAHAHA!

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given you a HIV+ review, and I'll send you a copy when released.

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publishing!

Hanna Schugulla-ee yours,

Vag

Vaginal Davis,
Award Winning Blackress

A Dive on the Wild Side



a guided tour through Tinseltown's tawdry boy bars by Les Feliz

I bolted through the heavy black door. Expensive, yet cheap cologne and Merit smoke swirled around me as the brisk W. Hollywood air slapped my face. Is that all there is? I and Peggy Lee asked ourselves as I fled another homo bar on Santa Monica Blvd. This was L.A., surely there had to be alternatives to the \$100 hair dos, endless remixes of the latest Milli Vanilli and shoulder pads to compensate for what had yet be developed at the gym. I wanted to find an alternative homo bar and, by God, I was going to. I got into my old heap and headed deep into Hollywood.

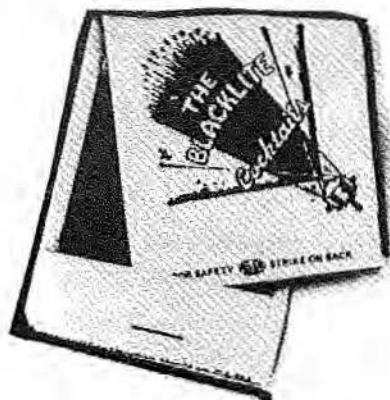
A friend had told me about MY HOUSE (1626 N. Cahuenga). It was my first stop. As I pulled up to it, the neon sign outside proved rather telling, all the letters had burned out except "HO." Yes, this was a neighborhood hustler bar. The "trick bags" on display filled with condoms and lube helped confirm this. I ordered a vodka rocks and sat down to enjoy selections from the cd jukebox. "Wheel in the Sky" by Journey played, not my choice exactly, but preferable any day to Paula Abdul. A few of the hustler boys got raucous with a john who sported a chin strap, would this explode into violence I wondered? A slight air of danger filled the bar, but it was quickly dissipated when the hustlers were invited by the bartenders for a slice of pizza at the other end of the bar. X mas/ disco lights swirled overhead. It was intoxicating. I finished my drink and headed across the street to another gin joint.

I entered THE SPOTLIGHT (1601 N. Cahuenga) and noticed a difference immediately. This was a friendlier crowd. Sure this was a hustler bar too, but real women mixed with the drag queens in a sisterhood bonding kind of thing. A few guys played pool in the back and worked the crowd when it wasn't their shot. I located a display of the Gay and Lesbian FunMaps, 1990 edition, (truly a valuable resource) on top of the cigarette machine and studied it to plot my next move.

While still in the neighborhood, I ventured over to the LEMON TWIST LOUNGE (6423 Yucca). I had heard about this one for weeks. It was a little disappointing for all the build up. I had a Lite beer and watched a cute hustler pick up a middle-aged man with one leg. The decor was a puzzling jumble of swap meet prints and sea shells in frames. It was a slow night at the LEMON TWIST so I decide to move on. This completed my tour of the Bermuda Triangle of Hollywood as a friend called these three bars. Go to any one of these places and the police, or your soon-to-be-ex-lover will never

find you.

The night was still young as I headed east a few blocks to Western Avenue. I had driven past **THE BLACKLIGHT** (1159 N. Western Ave.) several times before on my way to other locales and I had always wondered what world existed behind those flaps that were the entrance. Tonight I would find out. This was the best and most dangerous yet. I have been back since on repeated visits with disbelieving friends. The friendly bartender Danny told me a few bad jokes, asked me where I was from and bought me a shot of butterscotch Schnapps. Tasty. This was serious Bar Fly country. The decor suggested a bordello crossed with a game show. Flashing lights and a satin-covered ceiling set the tone. Tina Turner blasted from the jukebox and I watched a romance blossom between a nearly-toothless Puerto Rican drag and a handsome fortyish man in a black tuxedo. They made suggestive eye contact, nodded a few times and left the bar. The drag returned alone ten minutes later. She reapplied her lipstick and giggled with her gal-pal as she lip-sank to another Tina Turner selection.



LAS ESTRELLAS (Spanish for "the stars") **NIGHTCLUB**, (5903 Hollywood Blvd.) was next. Being a fan of Latin discos I couldn't wait to get to this one. I entered the club just as a pretty transvestite launched into a Mexican ballad. I had been to **LA PLAZA** (739 N. LaBrea) several times, but **LAS ESTRELLAS** had it beat hands down. The show was highly entertaining and the staff, very friendly. A cute waiter from Mexico came to my table and offered a nice selection of beer, wine coolers and soda pop. How could I resist?

I was hooked. I consulted my FunMap and decided to give **LITTLE JOY, JR** a chance. **LITTLE JOY** (1477 Sunset Blvd. in Echo Park) is a bit out of the way, but once inside you feel right at home. Maybe part of the reason was that the bar resembled a rec room. White walls, very clean, two pool tables, a stuffed animal cranker machine and the best juke box around added to the ambiance. This wasn't a cd juke box like the others. It contained the most diverse assortment of singles I think I've ever encountered: old Blondie, Madonna, Tammy Wynette, Ramon Ayala, UB40, Lucha Villa. Wow!

It was about closing time, so I headed home. I stopped off at **THE CIRCLE WEST** (1514 N. Hillhurst) for one more quick drink. An old boyfriend had shown me this place before and I loved it immediately. This was a friendly neighborhood bar. A drag was lipsynching to "Somewhere" by Barbara Streisand. She was a few notes behind Babs, but she radiated confidence in her ratty rabbit fur jacket. After her number, a midget drag and a six-footer came out and did a French can number. The tall one threatened to kick a hole in the ceiling with his amazing dexterity. I had seen plenty tonight. I finished my Pink Lady as the barkeep turned on the house lights and sent us out into the street.



Editor's note: Do you have a favorite watering hole? Well then, share it with your Bros.. The following is a moving testimonial by a pal of mine, Blg Lennie Sloser.

Tell me if you know what this is like. You've had a tough eight hours on the jackhammer all day. Your transmission's acting funny on the way home, and then your tire blows. You get back and shower, only the water's real lukewarm. Damn that friggin landlord! You think about calling Kevin or Jaime or Shawn or whatever that guy you were boffin' last week's name was, only you swore you'd had it with fluff like that. You need a beer or a few — you need good company — but the thought of the usual boy-haunts makes you want to puke.

Well that's where my head was at the day I discovered J.J.'s. I'd just moved to the neighborhood — that part of town where Culver City enters No-Man's Land — and I decided better a regular homo-less bar bar that what Boystown or Silverheels had to offer. So I saw this sign on La Cienaga, hardly a sign at all really, and thought, "Hey. Let's look in."

It was low-down. It was comfortable. Patsy Cline on the jukebox. Two guys in their fifties arguing about how to restore a Studebaker. A hefty female taking up two barstools and trying to keep her head out of her Scotch. And a square-shouldered bartender I'd have liked to teach a few tricks to.

Then a funny thing happened. This guy Seamus (that's pronounced Shame-us) came over to me. Said he owned the bar. At least I think that's what he'd said, cause he was so far underwater you couldn't tell for sure. He kept going on about how welcome I was, only he had a black male better-half and this was his own place for his kind of people, so if I didn't like it I could show myself the door.

I asked him to repeat it. I couldn't believe my ears. Was this Irish sack of potatoes really telling me he was a homo?! Yessirreebob! So I told Seamus it was alright with me. He treated me to a beer, then he stumbled off to dance with the big girl.

I stayed there a couple of hours that night. Had a couple more beers, played some games of pool and made a bunch of friends. I tried to come on to the bartender, only he wasn't having any. Guess I was kind of underwater myself by then, and you can never undo a first impression. I've been back three, four nights a week for two years now. Met my own better half there, and now things are sweeter than they've ever been. Yeah, we got our problems. Frank used to be a hit man for the Mafia and it was tough getting him reoriented. But he's got a regular job now and the bedtimes just get better. Frank doesn't mind those extra couple of pounds I'm carrying around the middle. Hell, he says they turn him on! But I'm getting away from my subject here.

Yeah, J.J.'s is a gay bar, the kind you only dream about. It's Irish and it's real, a neighborhood kind of place. There's country on the jukebox and even a lending library — everything from John Rechy to Tax Laws of '78. Nobody cares if you wear black or not, only if you like your liquor and know how to behave yourself. Me and Frank consider it our second home. You will too.

J.J.'s Pub, 2692 S. La Cienaga. You drill for oil. Sometimes, you hit a gusher.

SAYS NOTHING TO ME ABOUT MY LIFE



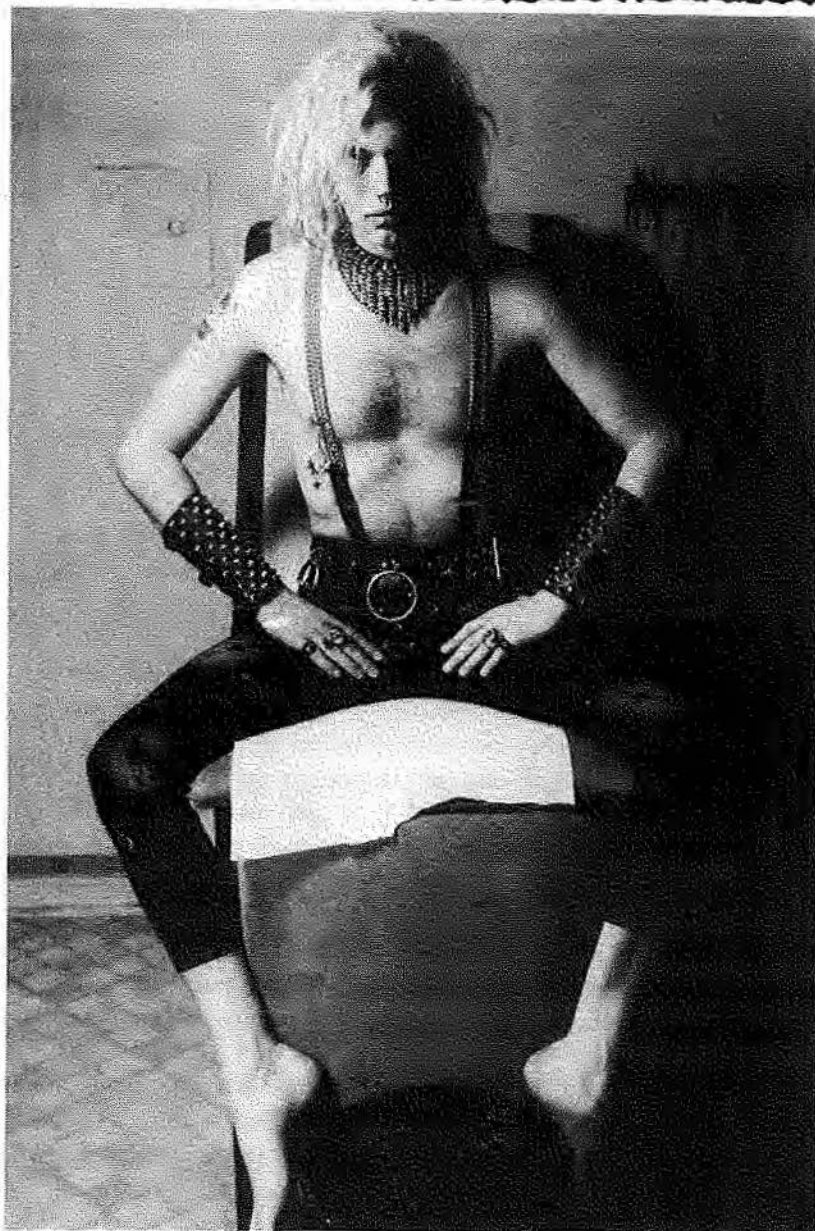
Porn Tips

by Velveeta Fondue

LOVELORN?...LOVE PORN?... Which one of us is not? Which one of us does not? Who among us is not eternally plagued by the desire to find Mister Right, only to find that Mister Right is not enough? Well, chickens, whether you want to get shot by Cupid's arrow or just shoot your own, there's someone that can help you. Someone who's overflowing with advice and suggestions. Practical answers to practical problems for practically any situation. Who is this saint, you may ask. It is I, **VELVEETA FONDUE**. Now, I realize that my name, though pregnant with prestige, may not be familiar to the too young, too old or visitors from out-of-state, so I will take the opportunity to share my story with you.

I have been called an advice columnist, the person in-the-know and, dare I say it, the Q & A Queen. I am all of these things and more, I am the advice maven for boys with burning questions. In these tense and difficult times there are so few places to obtain truly honest and practical answers to the questions you boys struggle with so desperately. But Ms V., you may say, there's my priest, my mom, hell, there's always Abby and Ann. This is true, but can your priest tell you how to judge cock size from a distance? In those all too frequent moments of desperation, can you call mommy for **VELVEETA'S HOMEMADE LUBE**? And as for Abby and Ann, unless you've got a tattooed tit and live in a Streamline, you can forget it, they've got nothing to say that you need to hear. But worry no more, babies, because Sin Bros., in the interest of community service, has made possible, **VELVEETA FONDUE'S PORN TIPS**, an advice column for you and your kind. How do you benefit from my fabulous services? Simple. Just write down your question *du jour* and send it in to us. Your question and my answer might appear in subsequent editions of this delicious periodical. If it doesn't appear, well, take heart, if it's not important enough for us to print, it's not important enough for you to worry about. So send in those cards and letters, boys and remember...

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SYLVIA SCREEN'S

HOLLYWOOD BABBLE-ON

You know what's wrong with movies today? I didn't write them. How many times have you felt ripped-off after plunking down \$7.00 for the ticket, another \$5.00 for a beverage and treats, not to mention the cost of parking and still not see gratuitous male-to-male sex, action-packed tales of drag queens run amok or other plotlines sorely missing from the screen today? Well look no further. Below are some recent film titles and the plots that should have been.

Glory

The last screenplay by Truman Capote, an blockbuster adaptation of the long-running Broadway musical "Glory Holes" is given a glitzy, splashy treatment by producer Alan Carr. Matthew Broderick triumphs as a closet case colonel seeking solace from the brutalities of the Civil War in the warm company of young black soldiers. Academy Award-winner Denzel Washington gives a gripping performance of true depth.

The Hunt For Red October

Sean Connery triumphs as a hormonally imbalanced transsexual deperately searching through the autumn months for her period. Loss of her "special friend" and trauma over an operation gone awry, Connery commits a series of brutal P.M.S.-induced murders. Alec Baldwin plays the sleazy surgeon responsible for the operation who fears he may be the next target.

My Left Foot

That chameleon actor Daniel Day-Lewis triumphs yet once again in his most difficult role, that of 70's comedienne Totie Fields. Fields/Day-Lewis battles booze, limb amputation and too many

Merv Griffin appearances. Brenda Fricker co-stars as Merv.

Born on the Fourth of July

Tom Cruise triumphs as a soldier who finds Jesus while sucking off his superior officers. He is later disabled with lock-jaw and is forced to service anyone to raise money for sign language lessons.

Lambada

This south-of-the-border extravaganza is set in that lesbian hotspot of Lambada, Brazil. Here, latina spitfires Charo and Sonia Braga triumph as a fun-loving couple hot to find a three-way partner. She arrives in the person of Tyne Daly, playing a repressed Carmelite nun. Braga and Charo ply the hapless Daly full of margaritas, drag her on the dance floor and muff dive her - starting a new dance craze named after this spicy capital.

Music Box

A sensitive musical based on the soft porn classic "Chatter Box". Jessica Lange triumphs as a high-strung attorney whose singing pussy gets her local recognition then world wide acclaim, all the while defending her Nazi father with her knowledgeable crotch.

Always

Steven Spielberg mounts this over-done romantic epic about a female pilot and her problems with absorbent maxi pads. John Goodman triumphs as the air traffic controller who discovers his true calling as a bleach blonde steward for Delta Airlines.

Tango and Cash

Sly Stallone and Mr. Goldie Hawn himself, Kurt Russell triumph as cheap drag queen, dance hall chicks who have to rhumba for the rent and turn oral tricks to keep themselves in the steroids and their pimp (TV's Huggy Bear from *Starsky and Hutch*) from sending their asses back to Omaha.

Driving Miss Daisy

Morgan Freeman triumphs as a chauffeur with an anal fetish. Freeman spends most of the film trying to park his hatchback into Oscar-winner Jessica Tandy's garage. Sparks really fly when his stick shift finally rear-ends Tandy's glove box.

**TAKE MOTHER
TO THE MOVIES
ON**

MOTHER'S DAY



Haiku-koo*

One Zillion "Hail Mary's"

by Anonymous

I was kneeling,
my dick was standing.
Hail Mary full of grace,
Will I sit on his face?
The church cleared after Easter Mass,
I burned for his hot, tight ass.
He led me to the dark confessional,
Surely I'd risk an eternity in Hell.
Give us this day our daily bread,
off went his robes of white and red.
Shiney crucifix dangling from his heavenly chest,
Oh Christ Almighty he was the best.
Thy kingdom come,
My pants came undone.
Our Father who art in Heaven,
Can I take nine, ten, now eleven?
As my seed was spilt,
"fuck guilt, Fuck guilt, Fuck Guilt!"
Amen. (genuflect)

* bad homo poetry filled with lack-of-sex-induced yearning.



L.A. PLAYS

SIN BROS. Recommends the following Los Angeles phenomena:



An evening of comedy, illusion and song starring divas Axel Vera, Gender, Bobby Etienne and Giselle Climax. This isn't the same tired old drag your co-workers from the bank go see at La Cage or the Queen Mary. Fast-paced, funny and fabulous, this is cross-dressing with a Nineties sensibility. Highlights include Gender as Squeaky Fromme doing a rap about the Mansons to the tune of the Addams Family theme song and Missy Climax pelting the audience with tortillas while lipsynching to "South of the Border" by Bing Crosby. Musical director Eliot Douglass keeps the show lively even when it bogs a little in the torchy icon/ballad numbers. Mondo costume changes, gravity-defying wigs and porn stars (Joey Stefano, Michael Moore and more) in the audience. What more could you ask for? **Catch this act Wednesdays - May 16, 23, 30 at 9:00 pm at Cafe Largo, 432 N. Fairfax. Reservations are available by calling 852-1073.**

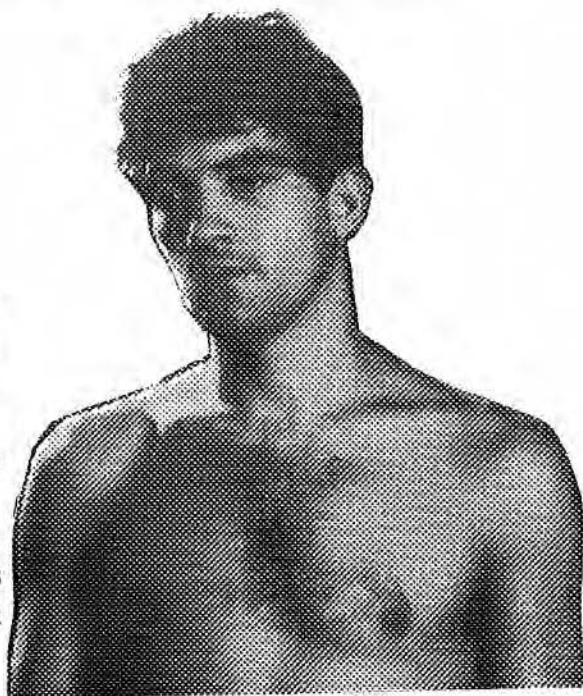
WITH ITSELF

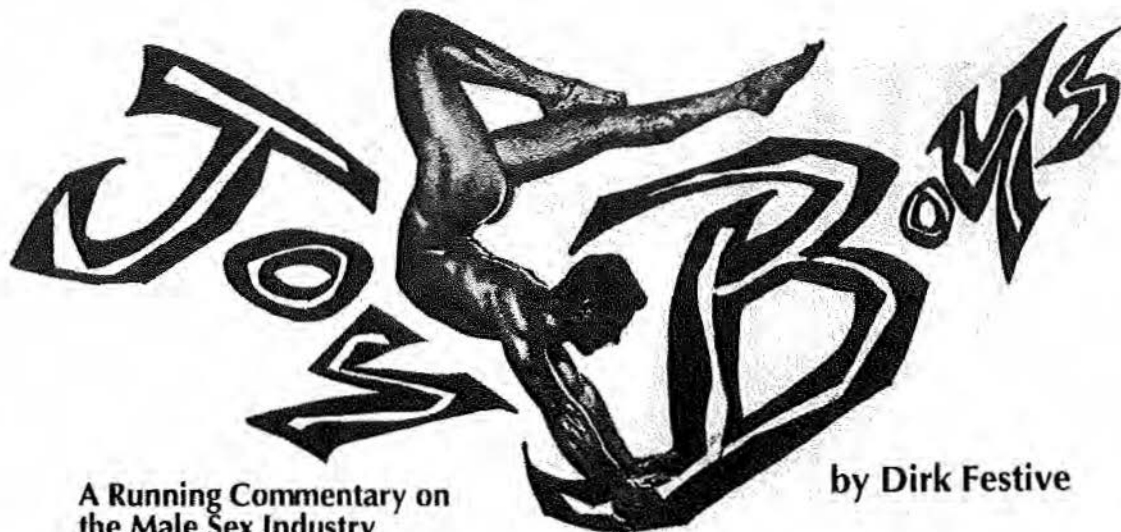
pedro, muriel and esther

No this is not a new Almodovar film, but a hot retro-positive-punk-speed-metal-thrash band best described by lead singer Vaginal Creme Davis as a "cross between Suzie Quatro and Metallica." Pedro, Muriel and Esther is comprised of Ms. Davis on lead vocals, Glen Meadmore on guitar, Dean Opseth on bass, Adam Sidell on drums and Father Larry on his own as the obese provocateur of the troupe. Eye-catching flyers featuring hunky guys with hard-ons and hard-driving tunes like "Mushroom Head," about a boyfriend's penis shape and "Anna-Ee," all about a pre-op transsexual make P.M.E. a much-needed, humorous alternative to the indistinguishable legion of Guns n' Roses clones spreading throughout L.A.. Band members showed their stuff at a recent SRO performance at Jabberjaw, wearing prosthetic breasts and vaginas or absolutely nothing. **To be kept abreast of their next performance, call the hotline at 851-7743, or if you are interested in booking the band call 250-3830.**

TIE ME UP! TIE ME DOWN!

This is filmmaker Pedro Almodovar's latest and it's sure to be controversial: a former mental patient (Antonio Banderas) keeps a junkie/pornostar (Victoria Abril) in bondage until she falls in love with him. This is not his best film (*Law of Desire* is) but see it for the outrageous do-it-yourself with a bathtub toy scene, Rossy de Palma as a tough drug dealer and Banderas' muey fabuloso butt. **Opens Friday, May 4 at the Samuel Goldwyn Pavilion Cinemas in West L.A.**





A Running Commentary on the Male Sex Industry

by Dirk Festive

Porn stars never close the door when they pee. It's one of the first things you notice about them. Otherwise, they're just like you and me, except with more blood allotted to their penises, usually on a time-sharing system with their brain. This is not to say that most are not enormously enterprising. I interviewed a guy last week for a national gay magazine and he told me a lot just by slipping me his current escort business card. There were four phone numbers on it — one each for New York, Beverly Hills, San Diego and Laguna Beach (four of the six corners of the commercial erotic world — the others being Las Vegas and Palm Springs). If you called one number, you got a message telling you which days out of the next ten he plans on being in your area. It's like the schedule for malathion spraying only you needn't cover your pets. Needless to say, while we talked, I offered him a selection of beverages which ended up sending him to the loo twice. And, of course, the door was left open both times.

Is a good Pump as good as an orgasm? I took a poll of a few friends in March to see what gyms porn stars go to most. I mean, they've got to be going somewhere, don't they? They don't get gymbot bodies like that hefting remote controls at home. Here's the attendance lists I came up with: spotted at Athletic Club, West Hollywood were **Jim Bentley**, **Paul Duran** and Aussie hunkette **Steve Gibson**. At the Holiday Spa on Gower: **Kevin Young** and **Dick Masters**. At Easton's on Beverly: **Eric Rogers**. Meanwhile at the Sports Connection in West Hollywood: **Vinnie Marino** and **Cole Carpenter**, with ex-blond **Steve Ross** making an appearance at the Manhattan Beach installation. Looks like Athletic Club has the edge on blonds. Do you have sightings of your own that you need explained for you? Write me c/o Sin Bros. and let me know.

Out of biz: Some time ago, **Eric Manchester** disappeared from our midst and moved to a small town near Seattle to pursue a relationship. **Neil Thomas** did the same in February but for reasons unknown. He's out as well. **Marc Radcliff** ("Actor/Model/Rock Musician") is planning to get out — but not until September and not without "Mr. Right" by his side. Applications are being taken. Until then, he's like, way available.

God Given: It's been reported by two different video groomers/make-up men that **Lon Flexxe's** hair may not all be his own. Is Lon an Eva Gabor customer? On the same, Lon showed up at the Revolver in West Hollywood on a Tuesday for "showtunes" night and was looking good.

From the Director of
"WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN"

"AN ENJOYABLY GARISH CARTOON
of the gay-nympho-rock'n'roll underground."
- J. Hoberman, The Village Voice

"A SCREWBALL SEX COMEDY!"

This film shows the bright, gaudy
visual style, the breezy manner
and the exuberant energy
that are Mr. Almodovar's
particular virtues."

-Janet Maslin, The New York Times

"A BENIGN SHAGGY DOG STORY!
Balmy variations on the theme
of sexual politics."
-Gary Giddons, The Village Voice



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NUART

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Keeps for weeks without refrigeration: L.A. nightclub owner Chris Cox (late of the late Odyssey on Beverly Boulevard) has had to sell Cheers on Santa Monica Boulevard and trade in his fashionable Laurel Canyon home for a less palatial Hollywood apartment. The good news for Chris is that he's added to his circle of friends yummy Vince Cibratti, who's back from an extended stay in Miami. But remember Chris, the sweetest kittens have the sharpest claws.

Cruising: Catalina's Matt Powers behind the swing doors at Circus of Books in West Hollywood. Speaking of Circus — why do they put Out Week magazine on the racks with the dirty stuff while The Advocate is out front near the counter? Are they implying that aggressive coverage of activism is interchangeable with Cum Slingers or Beat the Band?

Check out these really good videos for April and May:

Down Under	William Higgins/Catalina Video
He-Devils	Michael Zen/Stud
Island Fever	Kristen Bjorn
Paradise Beach	Jim West/Vivid Video
Pledgemasters	Falcon (new to rental market)
Two Handfuls II	John Summers

See them all. Hold them between your legs and go for a RTD ride even. Who's gonna know?

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BY ENRIQUE MARIE PRESLEY

"You don't sing and dance in juvie, honey."

-Joan Jett to Cherie Currie in The Runaways' DEAD END JUSTICE

*My
Life
as a
Celebutante*

I could overhear the sound of the T.V. at the guard's station. He was watching *The Young and the Restless* when a CBS Newsbreak came on. I heard Connie Chung's voice: "A suspect has been taken into custody for questioning for the ritualistic slaying of actress Faye Dunaway, notoriously dubbed by the Los Angeles entertainment community as *The Celebutante Murder...*"

I felt anger and shame simultaneously pulse hot and cold through my veins. Connie Chung, indeed! Anger won out over shame and I began yelling, "Maury Povich! Maury Povich!"

Celebutante
BEHIND

A CELEBUTANTE
WITHOUT A SCENE
A SCENE WITHOUT
A CELEBUTANTE



BARS

THE PEN
CELL BLOCK H



WIP-SODE
#4



I grabbed a tin cup and clanked it against the bars of the cell over and over again, until I realized that no one was listening and no one cared...

It had been two and a half hours since I had placed the call, and still no response. Where was SHE? Didn't SHE know of the degradation I had undergone? Stripped of my fabulous Hugo Boss ensemble (couture, *thank you*), my dignity, my pride, my Sports Connection membership card! Printed. Photo'd. ID'd. Yes, I was now a con. But this was my life. Not yours, or yours, or yours. But mine. ...MY LIFE AS A CELEBUTANTE!

I got up from the bunk in the holding cell and began to pace. Would SHE ever get here? I dug my hands into the pockets of the cell block's standard issue trousers and realized that they were the same fabric that Rei Kawakubo used in the Fall '86 CDG line. I wondered if I would be able to keep the pants when I was finally released. If I was finally released.

Suddenly I heard the rapid "click-click-click" of Manolo Blahnik stilletoes hitting cold concrete around the corner of the cell block. And before you could say "Code Blue," there SHE was, with her Day Runner in hand, and Cellular/Port-a-Fax combo slung over the padded shoulder of her Armani suit jacket.

"Jodhi."

"Enrique Marie!" she shrieked. "What have they done to you? Oh my god." She turned dramatically to the guard and barked in her best *New York Jew*, "LET my people go!" (*She commanded such respect.*)

The guard fumbled for his keys, unlocked the cell, and led us both into a private conference room. I wondered, *How much do you tip in this situation?* I mean, he was technically a doorman (and a *damn hunky* one at that!) It didn't matter. Miss Manners be damned — *I was in jail!*

We sat down, and before I could open my mouth, she started in with a plan of attack. And once she got started, there was no stopping this Vogue lesbian! She was not your run-of-the-mill Volvo-driving dyke. She was much more glamorous — she took cabs! But that's why I called her. Jodhi was my publicist, and she was the best.

"First, I am SO SORRY for taking SO LONG. I was tied up in a LONG meeting with Jon and Petey at Le Chardonnay, and Victor kept sending out MORE AND MORE FOOD! He's my FAVORITE chef and all, but it got to the point where I had to say, 'Hey, Victor, I LOVE YOU BUT you're gonna have to pay for my next lipo if you send out any more food!' Can you BELIEVE it? But ENOUGH about me. Now, YOU, pet. OH, and sorry — but we have to make it quick — I've got a 3:30 at Mondrian, and a 5:15 at Patina."

"Jodhi, I've been framed for that Faye Dunaway thing and I don't know what to do. Help me, Jodhi. I don't want to end up a piece of used boy pussy in the big house!"

"Okay. Okay. Give me a minute."

You could almost hear the gears turn in her head focused all of her energy on the correct strategy. She pressed her spread fingers across her temples and her eyes rolled back. I sat in awe of pure genius at work. There were only two minutes of meditative silence until she completed the process and reached into her quilted Chanel bag for her Borghese and a compact, and regimentally reapplied her lipstick. She smacked her lips and smiled slyly in my direction.

"Okay. Here's the plan," she was almost whispering as she tried to stifle a slight case of the giggles. And in excruciatingly delicious detail, she outlined an all-encompassing, 23-point publicity strategy that would make *The Celebutante Murder* a cause celebre for Hollywood, for California, for America, for the world! Randall Adams look out — Enrique Marie Presley was about to be hot copy!

"But do you think it'll work?"

"I'd bet my rhinoplasty on it," she said soberly, as she reached into the Chanel bag once more for

her sterling flask of Glenlivet. She took a swig and let out a "Whoooo!"

"Trust me, before I'm through with you, you'll be BIGGER than Leona and BIGGER than Zsa Zsa, but BETTER. You'll be BIGGER than James Brown! Oh god, I THINK I'M GETTING WET! This is going to be my MASTERPIECE! I'll have that Executive VP of Worldwide Marketing and Publicity slot at Columbia locked up!"

She was overcome by a wave of Industry Power-Lust and let out a maniacal cackle, but was suddenly brought down to earth: "Shit! I broke a nail!"

We talked numbers and before you could say, "Put it into turnaround", it was a done deal. I'd convinced Jodhi to waive her fee in exchange for Sandra Bernhard's private Voice Mail number and an alligator clutch from Hermes. She said that she knew of an up-and-coming young attorney who would handle the case *pro bono* because of all the press it would garner. ("He's SUCH a publicity whore, VERY high profile ... and he's CUTE. You two will be SO GOOD together!")

We got up and said our goodbyes — air kiss to the left, air kiss to the right. She reached into the Chanel bag once more, pulled out some Borghese mud, and tossed it to me: "You're looking ruddy, babe. Fix it." What a pro.

* * *

"Presley. Your lawyer's here."

I heard the gate being unlocked as I got up from the bunk and removed the cucumber slices on my

Exclusively Yours

Beth felt a wave of envy as she watched the two boys walking hand in hand down the beach.

"I'm your slave!" the handsome blonde murmured into the ear of the brunette. "Do whatever you want with me - anything you want."

Beth thought: *It's something about their hair.* The brunette boy looked up at the blonde with wide soulful eyes. "You couldn't give me what I want from you," he said slowly.

"Try me," the blonde suggested.

The surf pounded the shore. The boys disappeared. Far off Beth heard the provocative sounds of a train entering a tunnel.

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eyes.

"Hi, I'm Jodhi's friend, Jeff," he said extending his hand, "I'll be representing you in court."

Imagine my shock when I realized that Jodhi's friend — the up-and-coming, publicity-whorish, young attorney — was none other than Jeff Stryker! That's right THE Jeff Stryker: star of STRYKER FORCE, POWERTOOL, and other contemporary all-male classics; and exclusive licensor of the world's only signature dildo!

"But you're Jeff Stryker..."

He blushed and nodded his head. He sensed my apprehension at the possibility of going to court for murder one with gay porn's number one star as my attorney. What could have Jodhi been possibly thinking? Was this some kind of joke? Some kind of cruel, wicked, ... hot, sexy, throbbing joke?

"Look, I know what you're thinking. But let me tell you right now I'm very qualified for the job. I've used the money I've made from my videos to put myself through the law program at UCLA, where I graduated at the head of my class. I also passed the Bar on my first attempt. True, I haven't got a hell of a lot of actual trial experience, but I do have high marquee value, something Jodhi and I both agree on as being integral to the outcome of this trial. Think of all the press we — you'll generate. Besides, you need me. That homicide detective, Upshaw, is out for your blood. Word is that he's got enough on you to build a strong case for the D.A.. It's only a matter of hours before they'll formally press charges... Not many attorneys would touch this case, especially *pro bono*. So, what'll it be? It's your call."

He was right. I was in deep shit and I couldn't afford a Melvin Belli, let alone a Matlock. But he was a porn star and I couldn't help wondering...

"Alright. You're absolutely right. Thank you for consenting to do this, Jeff. I'm really grateful. ... Ummm, would you mind ... Uh, could you ... I've, um, seen a lot of your movies and, uh .. Well, I've always wondered..."

He flashed that same boysih smile I remembered from his realistic portrayal of "Jeff, the mechanic" in THE LOOK. There was a wicked twinkle in his eyes as he slipped a Gold Circle condom from out of his hip pocket. He undid his lizard belt and let the Ungaro trousers fall to his ankles...

It's *real*, girls. Eat your hearts out. I did.

*

*

*

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What will they say?

Who will they be with?

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UNDERCOVER ANGEL



IN HAIR EXTENSION HELL

BY: LOIS PROFILE

Roller disco limbo contests, tanning booth memberships and fluorescent palm tree earrings: some things just shriek "L.A. Phenomenon." And shriek is what I did when I was assigned to go undercover for Sin Bros. and explore the bizarre world of hair extensions. I was haggard by hair growth myself, always looking for the easy way out. I would start to let my locks grow only to arrive at the Marilyn Quayle stage, become despondent and butcher my bob back to the conservative coif I've embraced for years. Now, as Miss Ross soulfully sang, it was my turn. I wanted locks, yards of them, miles and piles. I located a tony salon in the *L.A. Weekly* and dialed for my free consultation.

The salon was located on Melrose and I knew I'd have to dress the part not to be discovered. I pulled out every piece of black clothing I owned and felt almost funereal immersed in so much ebony so early in the day. But this was Melrose, not Magnolia.

I entered the salon for my 1:30 appointment at 2:30 and approached the receptionist. Her "do" looked like a cross between the mop my mother used to clear away cobwebs and curtains at a gypsies house. She called my appointed tress technician and I had a seat. Now was the time to catch up on the latest issue of *Rip* magazine. Finally, "Samee" appeared. He too was a casualty of his profession, having more hair than Sasquatch. I scanned his personal beauty area and made a quick mental note of all the 8 X 10's of all the travesties who had come before me. They resembled the queue outside The Troubador. At this point it hit home just what a thin line these heavy metal morons were walking. One falsestep and they could find gainful employment headlining at La Cage aux Folles. Didn't these victimized clones know that for \$50.00 they could get the same Twisted Sister look at Wig World down the street? I took a seat under a picture of Lita Ford while the almost-cute West Hollywood cover boy got his last coat of brown eye-brow dye. Sodomy, or whatever his name was, began his pitch.

"Darling, really. Let me tell you how I work. You tell me what you think you want, I giggle, just kidding, then I tell you what you need. I've done oodles of stars. Trust me dear. N'est-ce pas?"

So many questions. Was this fat, pasty drag for real? When he said he "did oodles of stars" did he mean on his knees in Griffith Park? Was the last time I heard "N'est-ce Pas" really Miss Piggy in *The Muppets Take Manhattan*?

"Look," said I, "how much for shoulder length straight hair, all one color, all one length. Cut the pitch Prissy. What's the price?"

He was so taken aback by my candor I thought for sure the West Hollywood boy was going to end up looking like Groucho Marx forever.

"Forceful aren't you? Alrightee. It takes six hours, we can make an afternoon of it. Bring a six pack. We sew two plastic braids into your scalp and then we attach the human hair we get from the Orient, don't ask me how we get them. We then glue 50 locks of hair into the front of your scalp, 25 of these will fall out in the shower. We don't pay for your plumbing bill. You have to come in every two weeks for

adjustments so we can re-sew those plastic braids even tighter."

I mean really, I thought, what's a constant headache when you have the long hair you always wanted.

"It's not just a hair extension, it's art dammit," his voice cracked. "Art, you see and that's why it costs \$700.00."

Seven hundred dollars?! Was he out of his mind? I am supposed to pay nearly two months rent so he can sew some poor Asian hair hooker's tresses into my scalp on suspension bridges made of dental floss?

I had learned all I needed to know. I would live with whatever my hair decided to do on its own. I fled to the parking lot, my mind still reeling.

"It's not just a hair extension, it's art dammit." Did he say "art?"

As for Sangria, or whatever his self-appointed pseudonym was, I can only imagine when this fad fades he will be found in his dingy, over-decorated apartment hung by his own hair extensions. The Pay-or-Quit notice still on the door. The word "art" written in styling mousse on his "Miss Salon" home make-up mirror.

Undercover on Melrose, this is Agent 99, over and out.



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In Issue #2 we asked for your tawdry confessions (real or imagined). The response was tremendous. We then narrowed the entries down to three finalists. These three deviant/winners will receive notification of the prizes chosen especially for them. These tales are not for the priggish. **Look out Penthouse Forum here comes**

SINFUL SUBMISSIONS

THIRD PLACE!

A confession of my sins? Do you have all week? You might need to put aside an entire issue for me... How about it? I guess my most sinful event happened in Silverlake. I had gone to The Detour with my boyfriend at the time (who knows what his name was) and I excused myself to go the bathroom. When I got to the little boys room, the boy at the urinal was anything but little! I gave him a wink and serviced him in the stall. On my way back to the pool table, a tall leatherman gave me a pinch, we went outside. I never knew how much room the back of a Plymouth Scamp had. When I returned to the pool table, whathisname wanted to go home and do it on his shabby waterbed from 1976. Sure, why not. Three times a charm. (name withheld)

SECOND PLACE!

Hi! My name is Dora! (a psuedonym), and as a simple owner of an alternative record retailing empire in little old Ventura, I don't have too many chances to be sinful, scandalous or tawdry. But I thought I would share with you and your kind an experience that has made my life a little richer, and that I will treasure with all my heart for years to come.

A few years back, as one of two bridesmaids out of three in drag in my friend's wedding, I know I caused some consternation with the parents of the bride; a thoroughly suburban and neurotic 50,000 square-foot housewife and the hot, body-building daddy who has all the rugged manliness of Charlton Heston in a gladiator movie. Her parents were good sports though, smiling thru the whole thing despite the black wedding dress, guests in leather gear and the arrival of several tall black men in wedding gowns during the ceremony. (What do you expect from a deathrocke/fag hag's wedding?) During the catered with-an-open-bar reception, being completely liquored, I jumped at the chance to join Bert (not his real name), (the kinda bi bass player of one of L.A.'s proto-post-punk bands, who had been exchanging flirtatious glances with me for months, especially when I was in drag,) in a men's room stall, caring not a whit that the hunky daddy of the bride was changing his clothes in the stall right beside us, trying to ignore the groans, slurps and squeals of passion emanating from our 3' X 5' love nest, as the purple glitter falling off my pumps speckled the tile floor.



TONGUE

GRAND PRIZE

He was an ordinary looking dude. I'd have told him to get lost if it'd been a usual three-Scotch night. But it wasn't. That fourth Scotch bought me the weirdest piece of heaven I've known in my short but action-packed time on this planet.

"You don't know what pleasure is until you see what I've got to offer." That's what he'd said at the bar and I'd just eyed his basket and laughed. His place was no turn-on, believe me. Hand-me-down chairs and threadbare rugs with a nasty doggy smell. He had a dog, a black and white mutt that kept its distance. Well I wanted to see what this instrument the guy was so proud of, so I grabbed him by the belt and pulled him onto the sofa. When his pants came off there it was, five or so inches of ordinary penis. I told him right then that I wasn't impressed. But the dude said his dick wasn't what made him special. So I asked what was.

Instead of answering, the guy tried to blindfold me. I was still feeling those Scotches, so I let him do it. He took my clothes off, piece by piece and told me to lie down. I had a big rod on. Everything was starting to seem sexy, even the doggy smell of the carpet. Then this tongue started to lick my nipples. Now I've had pinching, biting, nipple clamps, even had them pierced once, but never anything like this. That tongue had a way around a tit that had me screaming with pleasure. I heard the dude panting too, and a drop of spittle landed on my chest.

Just when I thought I couldn't take any more, his tongue

started down toward my dick. Slowly. So I was dying for it. At first it was just a hint of wet on my shaft, on the head. Then it wrapped itself around my rod like a boa constrictor. I was about to shoot buckets when he suddenly pulled away.

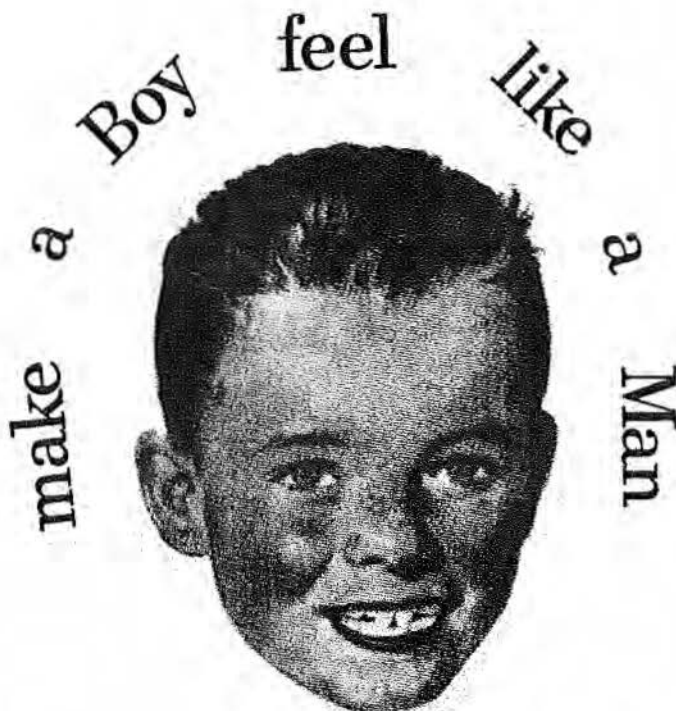
"Turn over," the dude said. I was too dazed to move, so he twisted me around with my butt breathing in the night air. I was shivering before that tongue ever touched me. Then, contact. When my asshole felt that lick, it parted like the Red Sea. He was into me like a train, a writhing muscle of a tongue stronger than any cock I'd ever known. I felt like my rod was gonna spurt without me even touching it, when something wet glommed onto it. There was that tongue up my ass and this mouth on my dick and my cum shot me up, up, up into Nirvana.

It was maybe hours later that I thought to wonder what was up. Could the guy have been everywhere at once? Was there some hidden roommate? I took off the blindfold to find out. There was the dude, crouching in front of me, his hand dripping with his own cum. So whose tongue was up my ass? I turned around quickly. Nothing. Except that mutt sitting with a dumb look on its face. And its tongue hanging out.

The truth came slowly. "Wait a minute," I said. "You got it," the dude answered. "That's Buster. The surprise I promised you." And he and the dog just sat there smiling.

Well, I got my ass out of there a.s.a.p.. Bestiality. It's one of those scenes I do not dig. The thought of that dog going at it makes me want to retch. Not to mention the hours the dude must've spent training the mutt. Sick isn't the word for it.

—Teddy Coyote



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Dearest
Christian,



At the risk of making you uncomfortable, which of course I'd NEVER want to do, I'm writing to profess my undying devotion.

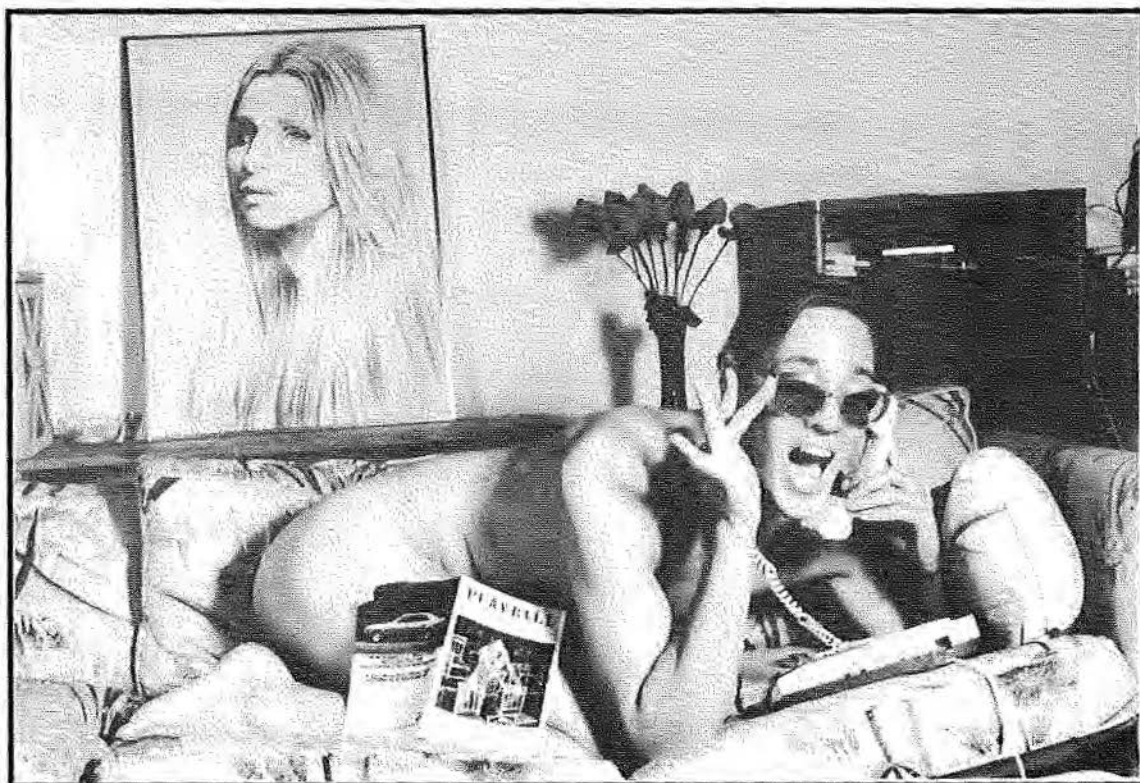
I need hardly tell you why it's a truth that I hold dear that "The Name of the Rose" is the greatest film in cinematic history. You must know who REALLY loves that movie, and for what impure reasons... I watch THAT scene (in slow motion, of course,) and it distresses me to think that no one appreciates those buttocks, not as I do. I'd almost be certain that no other boy's ever tried to force a lilac up those buttocks, or placed you nude on a pedestal with orchids at your feet and asked you to sing "Ill Wind," the only acts that come to mind befitting one so magnificently lascivious. (Though of course I can always hope that this is presumptuous on my part.) No one understands the profound truth and supernatural radiance that emanate from the depths of your splendid thighs! Except me... I wish to force lilacs up those

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buttocks. I wish to build a grand shrine up those buttocks!!!

And who IS allowed to worship at the altar of those thighs, I must ask??? Idiotic plastic cows who understand nothing, I'd imagine! Oblivious little girls who CAN'T appreciate this; who'd be repulsed at the thought of even spreading your buttocks apart to see what majesty lies within. Goodness, the thought of such injustice leaves me weak!!!

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not misogynistic. I just can't help but let my claws show when you're the subject of discussion. Can't blame a boy for that...

Yours faithfully,

Miss Gerald O' Brookomore

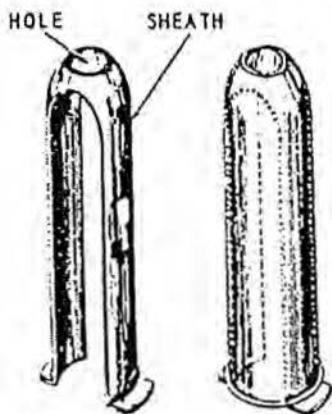
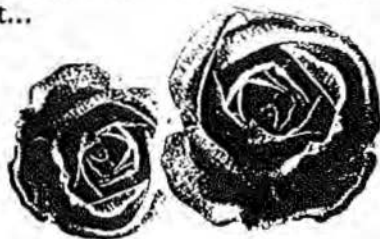
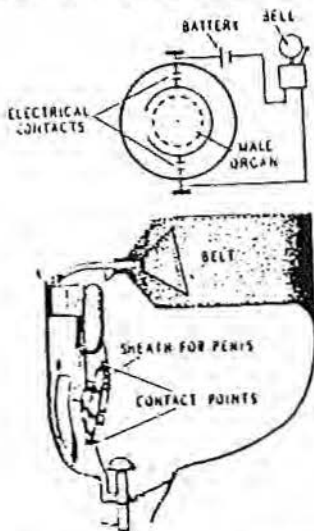


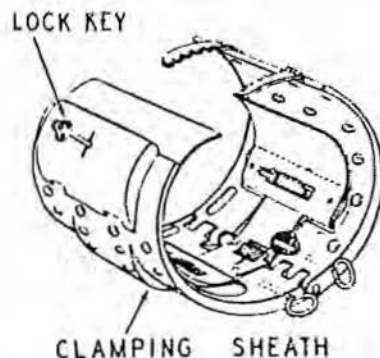
Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

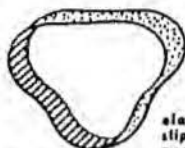
Louis Hawley (U.S. patent No. 844,798) invented a device to assist anatomical organs to perform their functions. It comprised a sheath of elastic material to fit over the penis and by action of supporting (adhesive) webbing inside the sheath, gradually helped the organ to attain and maintain rigidity for performing marital act.



Joseph Lees (U.S. patent No. 641,879) invented a male chastity belt to warn the wearer (by ringing a bell) when an erection occurred at night, in order to prevent nocturnal emissions, etc. Erection caused electrical contacts to close a bell circuit.



Raphael Sann (U.S. patent No. 826,377) patented a device to discourage self-gratification. It comprised a sheath having clamping and gripping members which, upon erection of the male organ, closed in and caused pain, thus discouraging self-gratification, the inventor claimed.



Horace D. Taggart's patent No. 594,815—a device for assisting the male sexual organ in performing coitus—comprises a ring of proper elasticity and shape to slip over the penis organ. It is supposed to exert pressure on the dorsal vein and slow up the circulation of blood through the organ, causing it to remain rigid for a longer time.

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